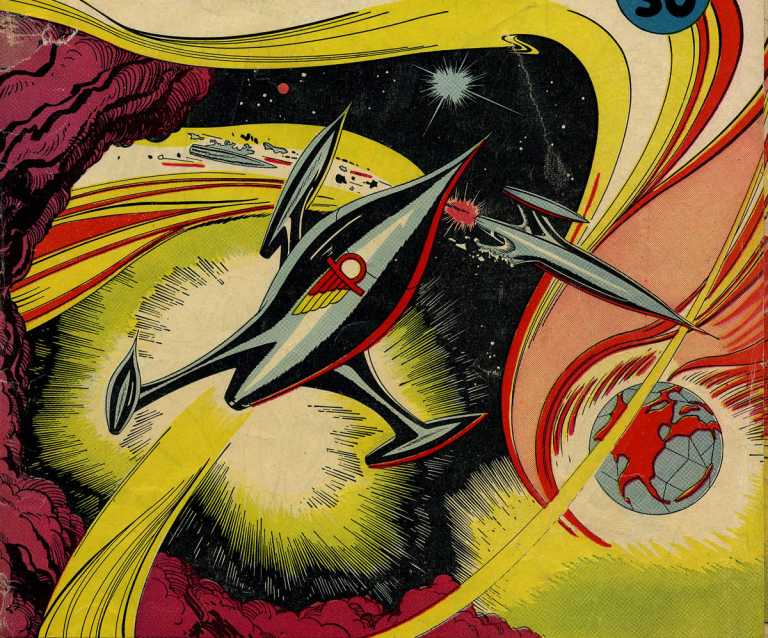


Buster Brown

COMIC BOOK

NO.
30



TUNE IN SMILIN' ED McCONNELL AND THE
BUSTER BROWN GANG ON RADIO OR TV


THOMAS & DWYER

99 MAIN ST.
BATAVIA, N. Y.





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



Froggy and Squeeky and Midnight too
Say, join the parade, kids
It's specially for you.
Tell mom you want Busters
To wear Easter Day,
They're a wonderful value
For dress-up and play!

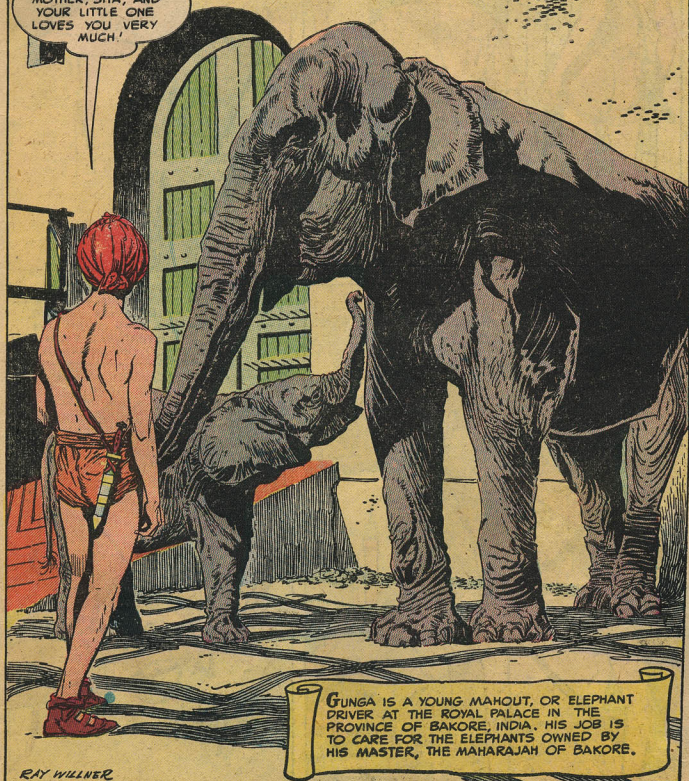
THE BUSTER BROWN Easter Parade



Look at the back cover, kids!
You'll see the swell Buster Browns
your shoeman has for you during the
Easter Parade. Ask mom to get you
a pair today!

GUNGA

YOU ARE A GOOD
MOTHER, SITA, AND
YOUR LITTLE ONE
LOVES YOU VERY
MUCH!

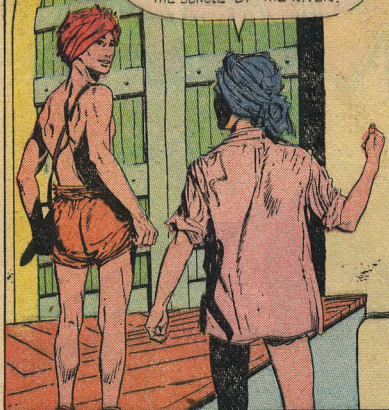


GUNGA IS A YOUNG MAHOUT, OR ELEPHANT DRIVER AT THE ROYAL PALACE IN THE PROVINCE OF BAKORE, INDIA. HIS JOB IS TO CARE FOR THE ELEPHANTS OWNED BY HIS MASTER, THE MAHARAJAH OF BAKORE.

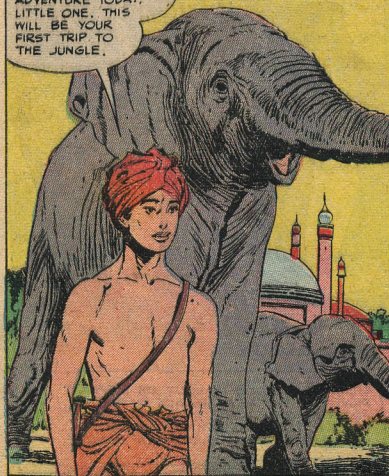
AM, VISHNU,
MY FRIEND.

I HAVE NEW ORDERS FOR
TODAY, GUNGA. WE ARE
TO GET THE OLD BULL,
KORMA, TO LEAD, AND TAKE
THE ELEPHANT HERD OUT TO
GRAZE ALONG THE EDGE OF
THE JUNGLE BY THE RIVER.

THAT IS GOOD. THEY
CAN BATHE IN THE RIVER.
GET OLD KORMA AND
I WILL HELP YOU
GATHER THE HERD.



YOU WILL HAVE A NEW
ADVENTURE TODAY,
LITTLE ONE. THIS
WILL BE YOUR
FIRST TRIP TO
THE JUNGLE.



NEAR THE RIVER, THE NOISY JUNGLE IS
SUDDENLY STILL AS TWO STRANGERS STALK
SLOWLY THROUGH THE DENSE GROWTH.
WHEN MEN BEARING GUNS ENTER THE
DEEP JUNGLE, ITS CREATURES KNOW THAT
TO BE SEEN OR TO CRY OUT MEANS DEATH.

DON'T SHOOT, MULLINS.
WE'RE TOO CLOSE TO THE
PALACE.





YOU KNOW IT'S AGAINST THE LAW TO HUNT IN THIS PART OF THE JUNGLE. LET'S CAPTURE THE TIGER CUBS WE HAVE ORDERS FOR AND GET OUT. I DON'T WANT ANY TROUBLE.



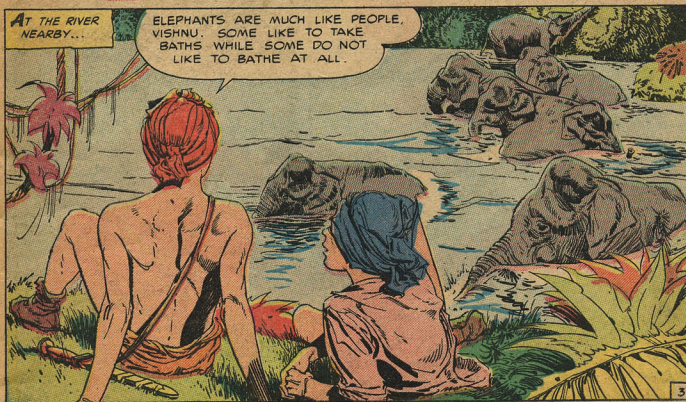
WHEN YOU FINANCED THIS BLINKIN' TRIP I DIDN'T TELL YOU THAT I WAS CAUGHT POACHIN' IN THIS TERRITORY ONCE. A KID THAT WORKS FOR THE MAHARAJAH CAUSED ME TO SPEND A YEAR IN A BOMBAY JAIL. MY MAIN REASON FOR COMIN' BACK HERE WAS TO REVENGE MYSELF. I ONLY HOPE I CAN GET A SHOT AT THE KID OR THE MAHARAJAH.

YOU'RE CRAZY, MULLINS. I'M GOIN' BACK TO CAMP, PACKIN' AND GETTIN' OUT. YOU CAN DO IT ALONE.



AT THE RIVER
NEARBY...

ELEPHANTS ARE MUCH LIKE PEOPLE, VISHNU. SOME LIKE TO TAKE BATHS WHILE SOME DO NOT LIKE TO BATHE AT ALL.



SITA, THE MOTHER ELEPHANT, IS NOT BATHING FOR FEAR HER LITTLE ONE, MIGHT COME TO HARM. SUCH AN ADORING MOTHER.

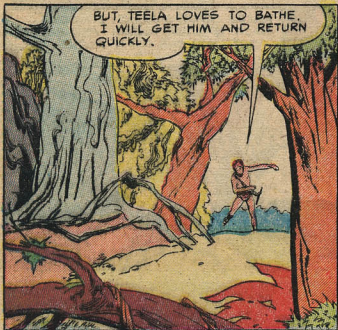


VISHNU! I HAVE BEEN SO BUSY WITH THE HERD I HAVE FORGOTTEN MY TEELA, THE GREATEST ELEPHANT IN ALL INDIA.

HE IS DOZING IN THE ELEPHANT YARD. HE HAS NOT MISSED US.



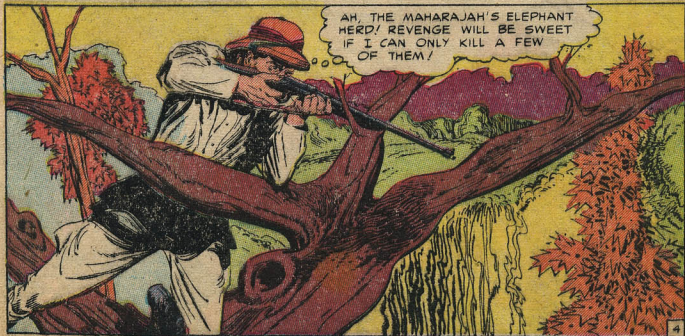
BUT, TEELA LOVES TO BATHE. I WILL GET HIM AND RETURN QUICKLY.

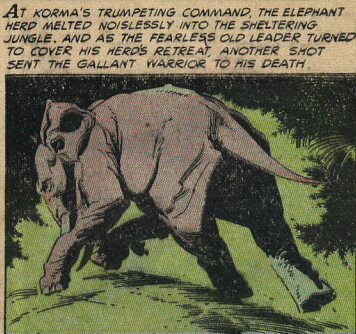
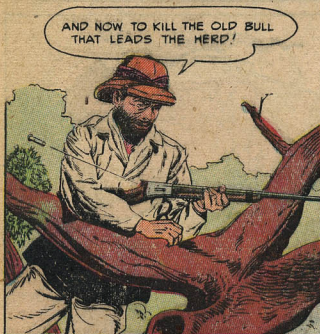


I HEARD ELEPHANTS TRUMPETING. MAYBE I CAN SEE THEM FROM THIS TREE.

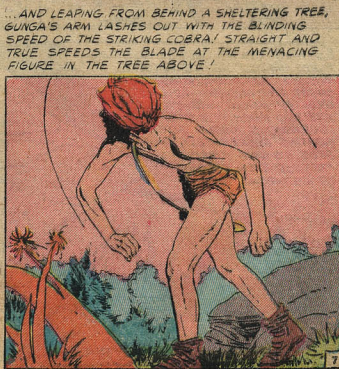
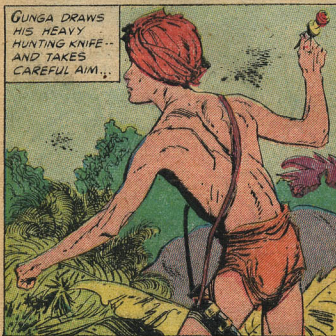


AH, THE MAHARAJAH'S ELEPHANT HERD! REVENGE WILL BE SWEET IF I CAN ONLY KILL A FEW OF THEM!









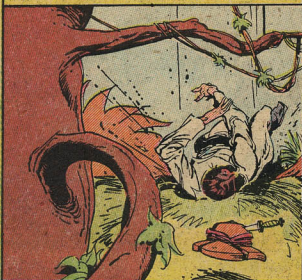
GUNGA'S KNIFE BURIES ITSELF IN MULLINS' PITH HELMET. FOR THE JUNGLE BOY DOES NOT KILL. BUT THE FORCE OF THE BLOW CAUSES MULLINS TO LOSE HIS BALANCE!



DOWN THROUGH THE LIMBS OF THE GREAT TREE THE KILLER FALLS--SCREAMING AND TWISTING WILDLY...



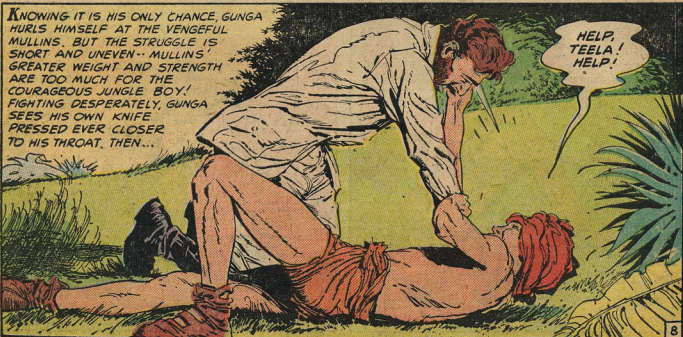
...BUT THE BRANCHES HELP BREAK HIS FALL AND MULLINS LANDS UNHURT ON THE THICKLY GROWING MOSS COVERING THE JUNGLE GROUND!



I'LL SKIN YOU ALIVE-- YOU BRAT!-- AN' WITH YER OWN KNIFE!



KNOWING IT IS HIS ONLY CHANCE, GUNGA HURLS HIMSELF AT THE VENGEFUL MULLINS. BUT THE STRUGGLE IS SHORT AND UNEVEN-- MULLINS' GREATER WEIGHT AND STRENGTH ARE TOO MUCH FOR THE COURAGEOUS JUNGLE BOY! FIGHTING DESPERATELY, GUNGA SEES HIS OWN KNIFE PRESSED EVER CLOSER TO HIS THROAT. THEN...



HELP, TEELA! HELP!

SENSING HIS YOUNG MASTER'S DANGER, THE GREAT ELEPHANT TRAILED HIM NOISLESSLY THROUGH THE JUNGLE. AT GUNGA'S CRY, TEELA CRASHED THROUGH THE HEAVY GROWTH TO THE CLEARING WHERE HIS YOUNG FRIEND FOUGHT FOR HIS LIFE!

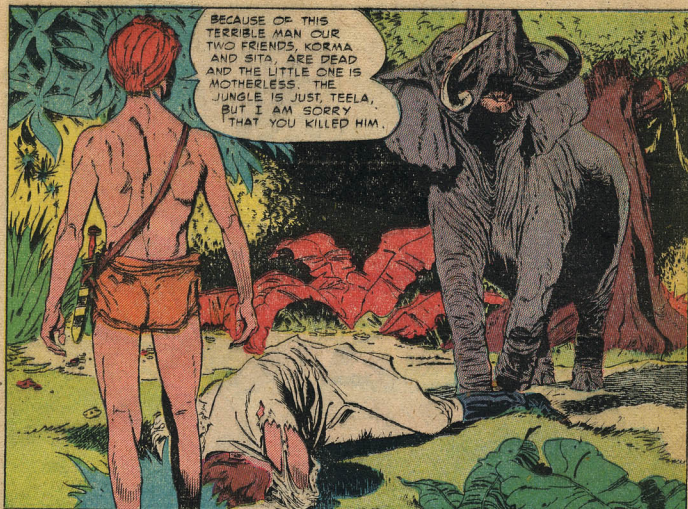


LEAPING TO HIS FEET, THE PANIC-STRIKEN MULLINS RACES AWAY FROM THE ANGRY TEELA. BEHIND HIM THE JUNGLE ECHOES TO A SHRIIL, BLOOD-CURDLING BATTLE CRY!

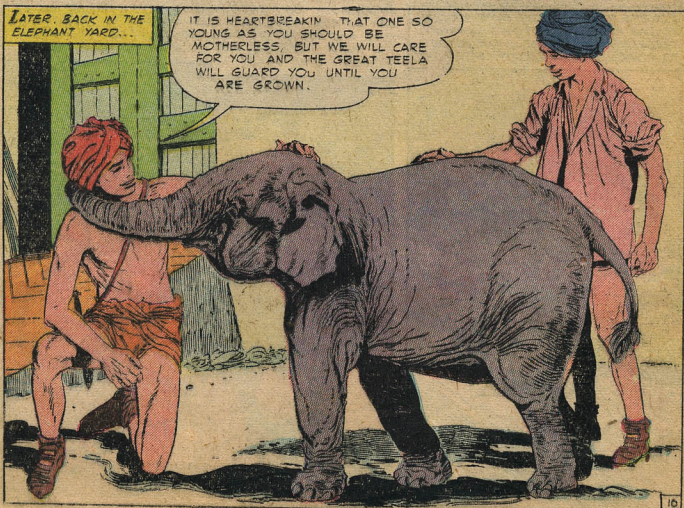


IN AN AGONY OF TERROR MULLINS FLEES... BUT NO HUMAN CAN OUTRUN AN AROUSED ELEPHANT AND BEFORE LONG, THE MAN WHO SOUGHT REVENGE KNEW THE TRUE MEANING OF THE WORD. THERE WAS FOR MULLINS, THE KILLER, IN THIS MOMENT-- ONLY DEATH!





LATER, BACK IN THE ELEPHANT YARD...

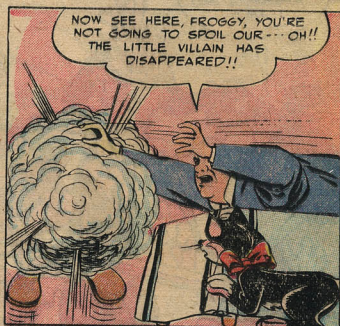
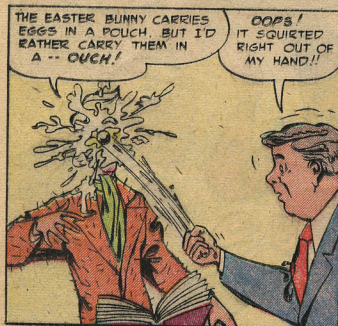
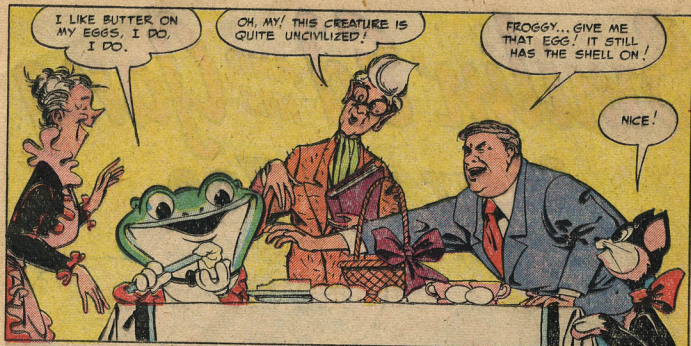


Smilin' Ed AND HIS Gang

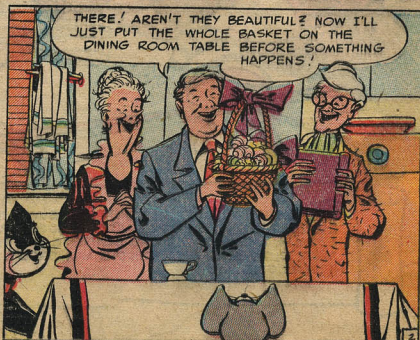
VISIT THE ZOO

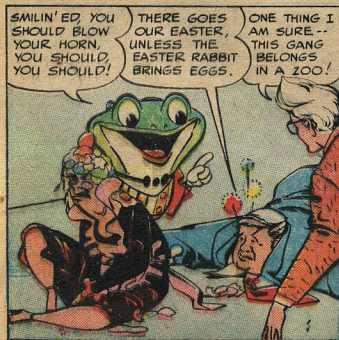
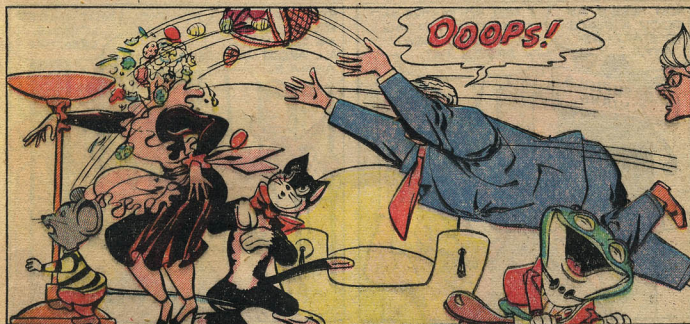
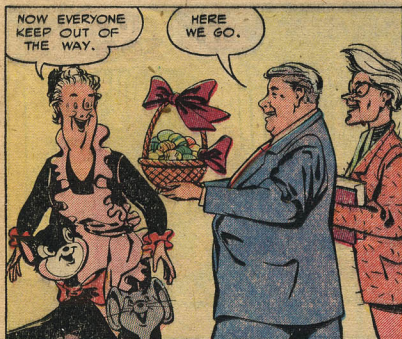


WE ENTER SMILIN' ED'S KITCHEN AS HE AND HIS GANG MEET TO COLOR EASTER EGGS. THE HAPPY PARTY INCLUDES SMILIN' ED, FROGGY THE GREMLIN, MIDNIGHT THE CAT, SQUEEKIE THE MOUSE, MR. POET AND THEIR OLD FRIEND MISS TWIDDLE VAN SNOOT. HI-HO-- AND THE FUN BEGINS.....!

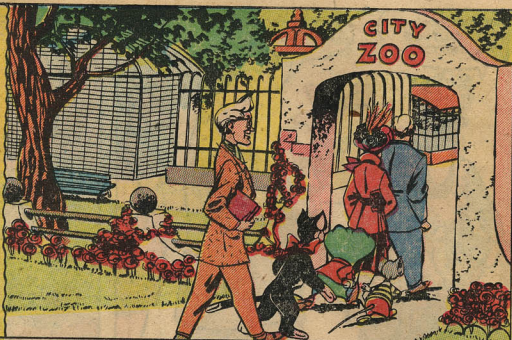


AND SO EVERYONE WORKED LIKE BEAVERS, (OR EASTER BUNNIES) AND SOON THE EGGS WERE BEAUTIFULLY DYED.





AND SO OUR BRAVE FRIENDS HEAD FOR THE ZOO. IT SHOULD BE SAFE THERE BECAUSE ALL THE ANIMALS ARE IN CAGES, BUT POSSIBLY IT WOULD BE EVEN SAFER IF THE ANIMALS WERE LOOSE AND SMILIN' ED'S GANG WERE IN CAGES.



NOW HERE'S AS GOOD A PLACE TO START AS ANY.

I FEEL SO FESTIVE AND DRESSED-UP WEARING MY BEAUTIFUL NEW EASTER HAT.



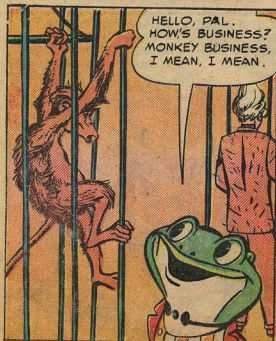
STEP RIGHT UP, FOLKS, AND LET ME TELL YOU ALL ABOUT THE ANIMALS.

NOW THIS WILL BE VERY EDUCATIONAL.

WHAT A WEIRD LOOKING CREATURE.



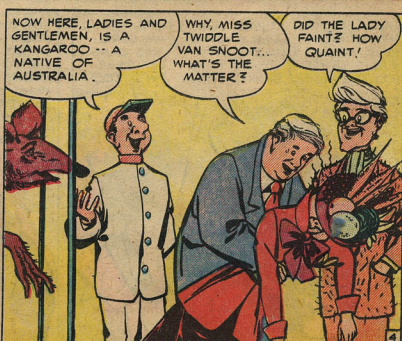
HELLO, PAL. HOW'S BUSINESS? MONKEY BUSINESS, I MEAN, I MEAN.

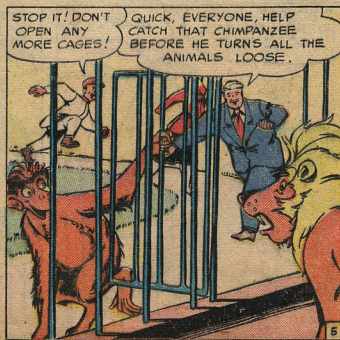
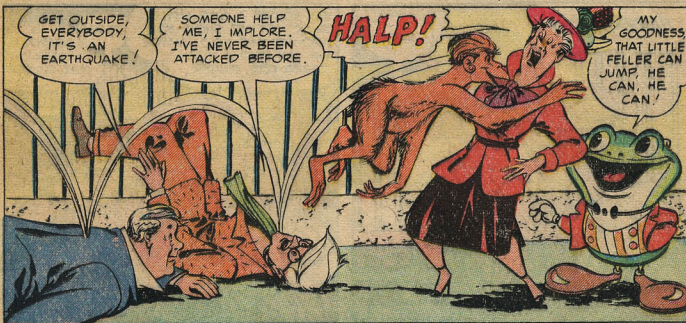
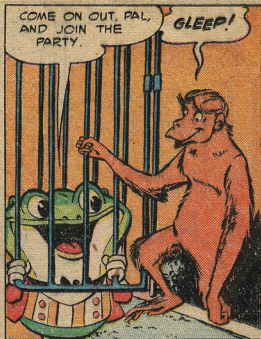


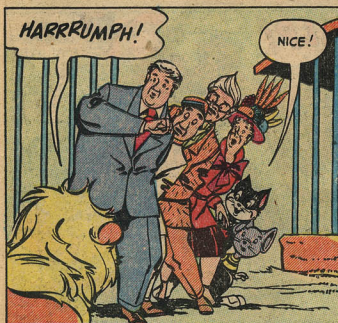
NOW HERE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IS A KANGAROO -- A NATIVE OF AUSTRALIA.

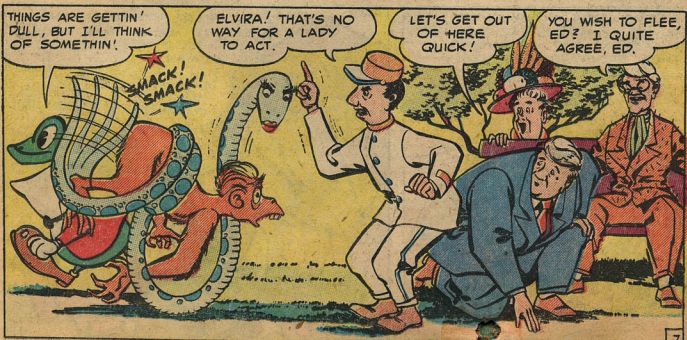
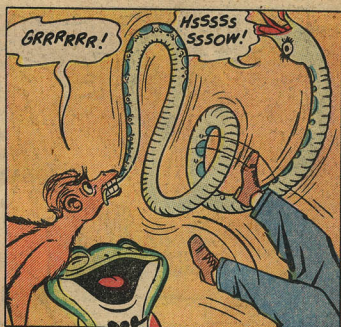
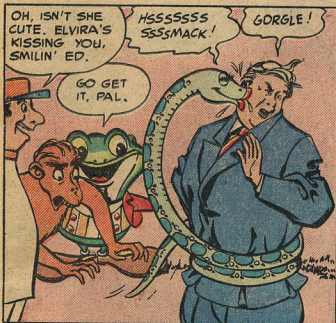
WHY, MISS TWIDDLE VAN SNOOT... WHAT'S THE MATTER?

DID THE LADY FAINT? HOW QUAIN'T!









LET'S NOT ASK
WHAT OR WHO.
LET'S GET OUT
OF THIS ZOO.

BUT I'VE
SIMPLY GOT
TO SEE THAT
SWEET OLD
ELEPHANT.

WELL... I
THINK WE
SHOULD
GET IN
THE CAR
AND GO
HOME.

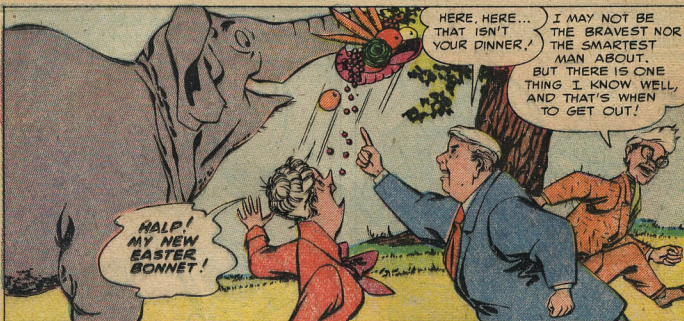
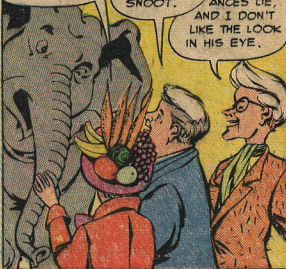
I'LL GET
THE CAR
AND
BRING IT
UP HERE;
I WILL,
I WILL.



SUCH A GREAT
BEAST, AND
HE'S PERFECTLY
HARMLESS!

YOU'D
BETTER
BE CAREFUL,
MISS VAN
SNOOT.

HE MAY BE
HARMLESS,
THOUGH
APPEAR-
ANCES LIE,
AND I DON'T
LIKE THE LOOK
IN HIS EYE.



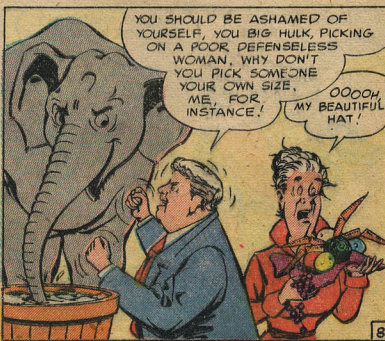
HERE, HERE...
THAT ISN'T
YOUR DINNER!

I MAY NOT BE
THE BRAVEST NOR
THE SMARTEST
MAN ABOUT.
BUT THERE IS ONE
THING I KNOW WELL,
AND THAT'S WHEN
TO GET OUT!

HALP!
MY NEW
EASTER
BONNET!

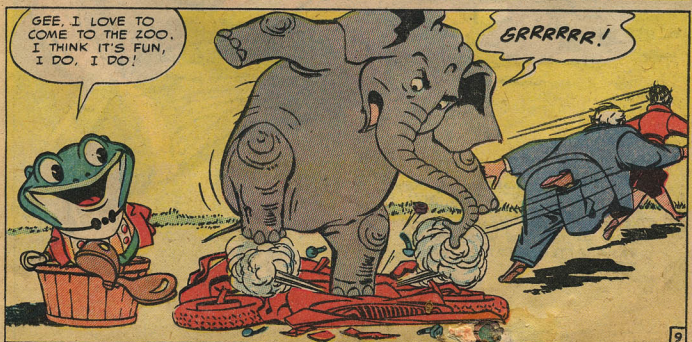
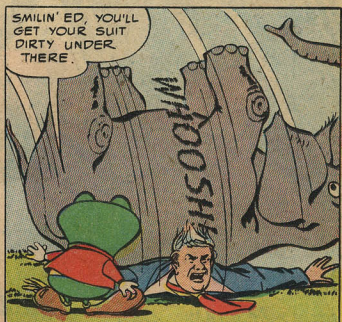
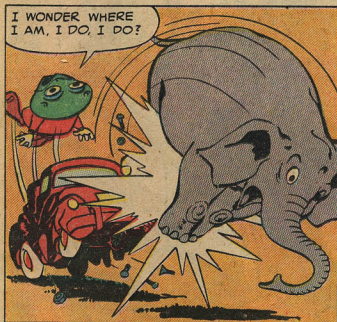
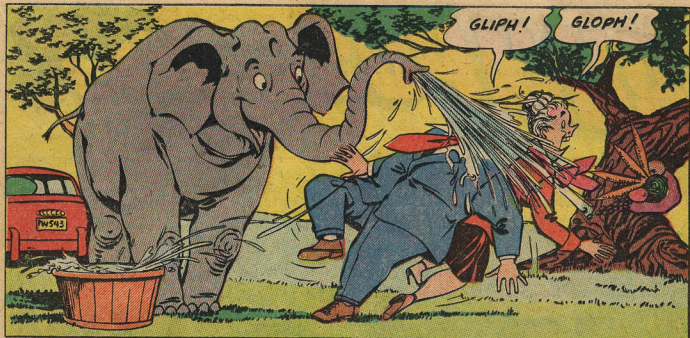


I DON'T KNOW WHY SMILIN' ED
ALWAYS DRIVES THE CAR FORWARD.
IN GREMLIN LAND WE ALWAYS
DRIVE BACKWARDS, WE DO,
WE DO.



YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED OF
YOURSELF, YOU BIG HULK, PICKING
ON A POOR DEFENSELESS
WOMAN. WHY DON'T
YOU PICK SOMEONE
YOUR OWN SIZE,
ME, FOR
INSTANCE!

OOOHH
MY BEAUTIFUL
HAT!



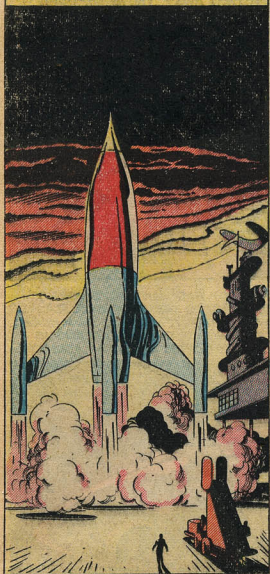
RUMPUUS on REX

HOW D'YA LIKE THAT?
TWO DAYS AWAY FROM
VENUS... I'M LOOKING
FORWARD TO A NICE HOT
BATH AND A WEEK'S
SLEEP, AND COMMANDER
KELLY WANTS US TO REPORT
TO HIS OFFICE AS SOON
AS WE LAND!

STOP YAMMERING. TWO DAYS ON
THE GROUND AND YOU'D BE YAPPING
FOR EXCITEMENT ANYWAY. I'M
READY TO REVERSE SHIP AND LAND.
AND IF YOU DON'T WANT TO GO
DOWN THE ROCKET RAMP ON THE
BACK OF YOUR NECK, GET THE
TRIPOD DOWN.

CAPTAIN BRUCE WARREN OF THE
INTERPLANETARY POLICE, AND
HIS CO-PILOT AND YOUNGER
BROTHER, TERRY, PREPARE TO
LAND AT THE NEW YORK ROCKET
RAMP AFTER A PATROL FLIGHT
TO VENUS.

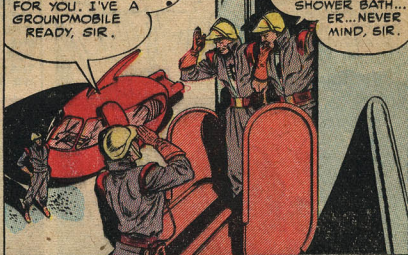
WITH AN RAGING INFERNO OF ATOM BLASTS, BRUCE EASES THE COMET, A PLUS 5 PURSUIT SHIP TO EARTH AS GENTLY AS A FEATHER.



I'M LIEUTENANT RADCLIFF, COMMANDER KELLY'S COMPLIMENTS, SIR. HE'S WAITING FOR YOU. I'VE A GROUNDMOBILE READY, SIR.

LEAD ON, LIEUTENANT.

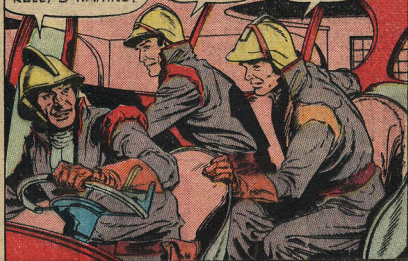
ER... LIEUTENANT RADCLIFF... IF WE COULD STOP AT A NICE HOT SHOWER BATH... ER... NEVER MIND, SIR.



HERE YOU ARE, SIR, COMMANDER KELLY'S WAITING.

THANKS, LIEUTENANT.

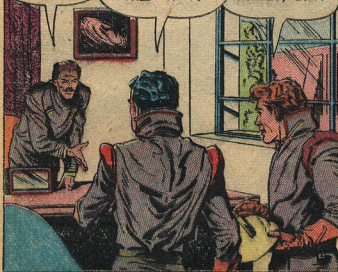
THANK YOU, SIR.



CAPTAIN AND CADET WARREN. GOOD TO SEE YOU FELLOWS AGAIN.

GOOD TO SEE YOU, COMMANDER KELLY. OUR PATROL WAS ROUTINE, BY THE WAY.

LOOKS LIKE ALL THE EXCITEMENT'S GONE OUT OF SPACE TRAVEL, SIR.



SORRY TO DISILLUSION YOU, TERRY, BUT I'M AFRAID SOME EXCITEMENT'S COMING RIGHT UP TO YOU. I'M CALLING GOR ON VENUS. YOU WEREN'T TWO DAYS OUT OF VENUS WHEN TROUBLE STARTED. GOR COULDN'T REACH YOUR SIGNAL OR HE WOULD HAVE CALLED YOU BACK. TANYA, THE SPACE SIREN, IS OPERATING AGAIN!

THE SPACE SIREN? OPERATING AGAIN?

BUT, SIR... WE HAD REPORTS SHE WAS DEAD!



TANYA IS VERY MUCH ALIVE. HER SCARLET SPACE SHIP HAS BEEN SEEN TWICE. FURTHERMORE, SHE STOPPED A SPACE-FREIGHTER IN MID-SPACE. WAIT... VENUS IS ANSWERING. COME IN, VENUS.

VENUS ANSWERS EARTH. VENUS COMING IN... COMING IN.

GREETINGS, COMMANDER KELLY. WE HAVE FINAL INFORMATION ON THE RAIDED SPACE-FREIGHTER. THEY LUMPED INTO PORT WITH HALF THEIR STERN ROCKET TUBES BLOWN AWAY. TANYA STOPPED THEM AND TOOK ONE TON OF URANIUM. SHE NEEDED FUEL FOR HER SHIP. THEN SHE SET A COURSE WHICH WOULD TAKE HER TO PLANETOID REX. THAT IS ALL WE KNOW.

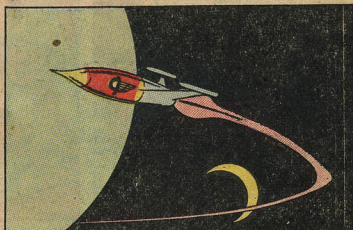
THANK YOU, GOR.

BUT WHY SHOULD SHE HEAD FOR PLANETOID REX? THAT LITTLE HUNK OF MUD IS REAL NOTHING.

REX IS PRETTY BIG FOR AN ASTEROID, BUT SHE PROBABLY HEADED THERE TO THROW THE FREIGHTER ON A FALSE TRAIL.

I DON'T THINK SO. YOU SEE.... WE'VE BEEN MINING TAGANIUM ON REX. I THINK THAT'S WHAT TANYA'S AFTER.

TERRY GOT HIS HOT BATH BUT THAT'S ABOUT ALL. TWO HOURS LATER THE BROTHERS BLASTED OFF FOR PLANETOID REX. IT MIGHT BE SAID HERE BY WAY OF EXPLANATION, THAT A PLANETOID IS ONLY A SMALL PLANET OFTEN CALLED AN ASTEROID.

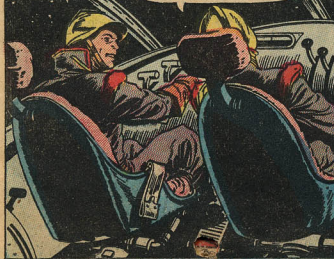


DID THE COMMANDER TELL YOU ANY MORE WHILE I WAS TAKING A SHOWER?

YEAH... TOLD ME ABOUT TAGANIUM, IT'S A NEWLY DISCOVERED METAL, AND IT'S MORE PRECIOUS THAN DIAMONDS. REX IS FULL OF IT.

NO WONDER TANYA WANTS IT. HOW ABOUT US?

US? WELL, BUB, WE GO TO REX. IF TANYA'S THERE, WE TRY TO STOP HER. IF IT'S A FALSE ALARM, WE GO HOME. NOW, SONNY BOY, CHECK OUR COURSE.



WHILE BRUCE AND TERRY ROCKETED THROUGH SPACE, THINGS WERE HAPPENING ON REX. TANYA AND HER TWO COMPANIONS IN SPACE CRIME, BANDOR AND KABE, THE VENUSIANS, SAT IN THEIR WELL-EQUIPPED LABORATORY WHICH THEY HAD QUICKLY SET UP ON THE SMALL PLANET.

YES, IT'S THE COMET ALL RIGHT. I'D RECOGNIZE IT ANYWHERE. AND HIS COURSE BRINGS HIM HERE TO REX!

IT IS THE PLUS FIVE SPACE SHIP OF CAPTAIN WARREN.

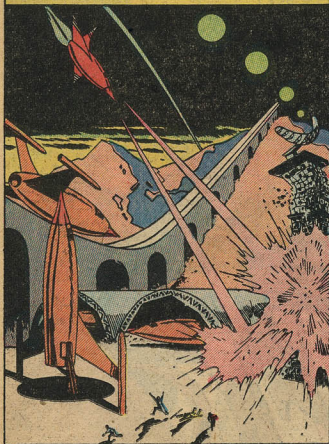
THE GOOD CAPTAIN WASTES HIS TIME. THE SMELTERS HAVE PRODUCED TWO HUNDRED TONS OF TAGANIUM. WE WILL LEAVE HERE AT ONCE AND TAKE IT WITH US.

TWO HUNDRED TONS OF TAGANIUM? BUT SIREN... THOUGH LIGHT, TAGANIUM IS VERY BULKY. HOW CAN WE MOVE IT? IT WILL TAKE SIX SPACE FREIGHTERS.

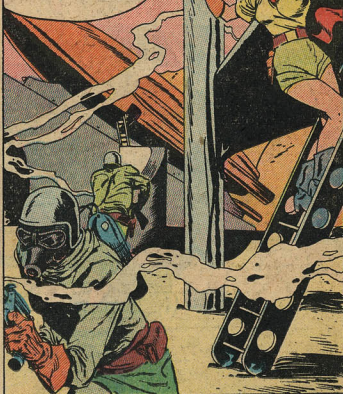
THE VENUS ROCKET RAMP IS A BASE FOR DOZENS OF FREIGHTERS AND IT IS POORLY GUARDED. WE GO IN TONIGHT, CAPTURE SIX FREIGHTERS AND RETURN TO REX FOR THE TAGANIUM. CALL THE MEN TOGETHER.

AT ONCE, SIREN.

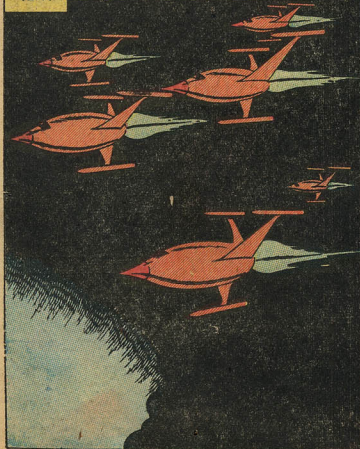
TANYA WAS AS GOOD AS HER WORD. STRIKING WITH SUDDEN FURY, THE VENUS ROCKET RAMP IS RAIDED AND SIX FREIGHTERS STOLEN WITH EASE.



CREWS, STAY TOGETHER! TAKE YOUR FREIGHTERS AND BLAST OFF AT ONCE. RENDEZVOUS AT TWENTY-THREE HOURS, GALACTIC TIME, DIAGONAL THREE. HURRY!

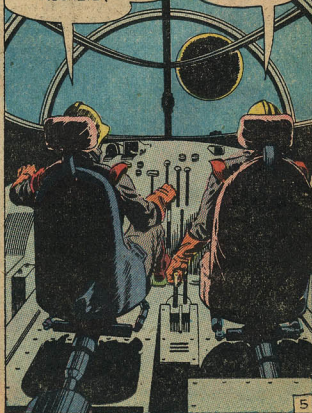


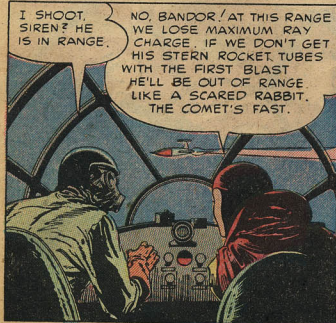
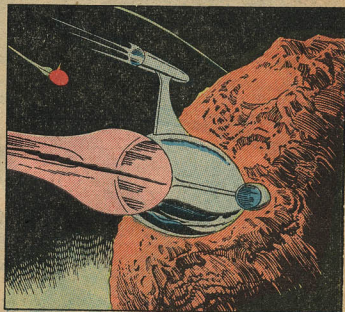
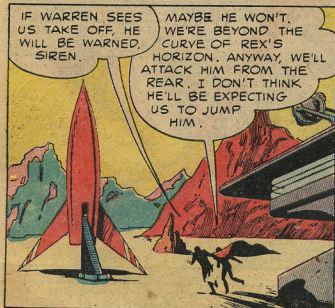
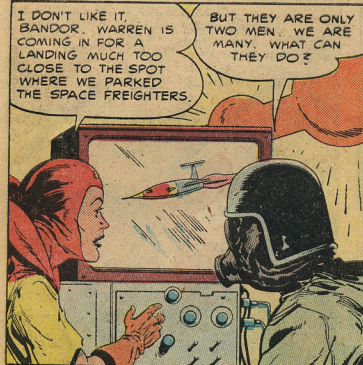
THE RAIDERS RENDEZVOUS OFF VENUS AND HEAD FOR THEIR BASE OF OPERATIONS ON ASTEROID REX.



THERE'S REX, TERRY. WE'LL BE IN HER GRAVITATIONAL ORBIT SOON. BETTER HIT THOSE DECELERATION ROCKETS.

OKAY, BRUCE, DECEL IT IS. WONDER WHAT WE'LL FIND ON REX?





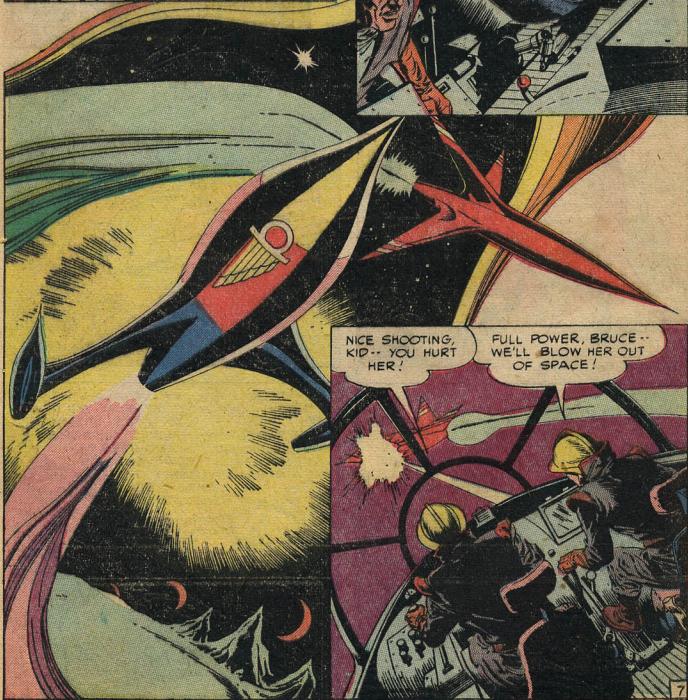
YOU HEARD,
SIREN... THEY'VE
CALLED FOR
HELP.

WE'LL WORK FAST, LOAD
THE TAGANUM AND LEAVE
IN A HURRY-- **AFTER** WE
BLAST CAPTAIN WARREN
OUT OF SPACE! READY
TO ATTACK, BANDOR!



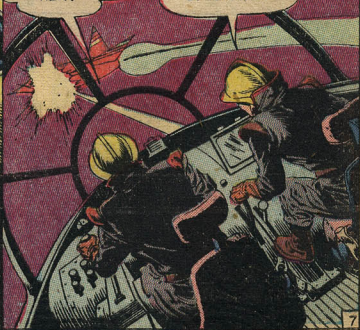
H-HEY...
BRUCE...

SOMEBODY'S ON OUR
TAIL! MAN THE RAY GUNS!
IF I CAN PULL OUT OF
THIS, WE'LL GIVE 'EM
A FIGHT.



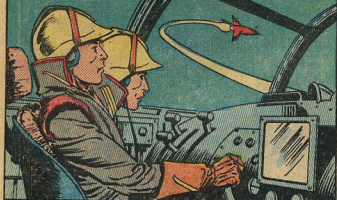
NICE SHOOTING,
KID-- YOU HURT
HER!

FULL POWER, BRUCE--
WE'LL BLOW HER OUT
OF SPACE!

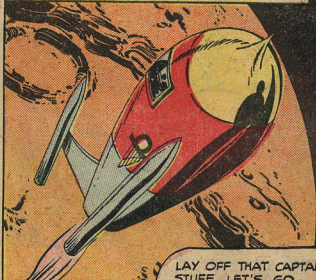


SHE'S OUT
OF RANGE
NOW!

SORRY, KID. SHE MUST HAVE
SHOT AWAY PART OF OUR
STERN ROCKET TUBE
ASSEMBLY... WE HAVEN'T
MUCH POWER LEFT. WE'LL
SIT DOWN ON REX
AND HAVE A LOOK.



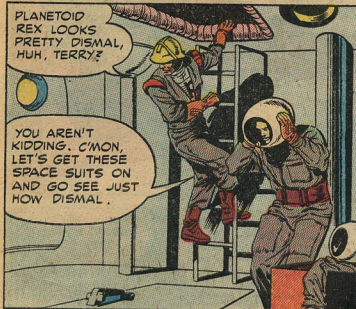
UNDER CAPTAIN BRUCE WARREN'S SKILLFUL
CONTROL, THE COMET LANDS ON REX.



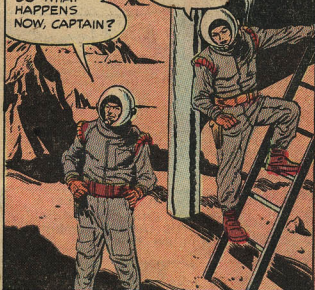
LAY OFF THAT CAPTAIN
STUFF. LET'S GO
HUNT UP THE SPACE
SIREN.

PLANETOID
REX LOOKS
PRETTY DISMAL,
HUH, TERRY?

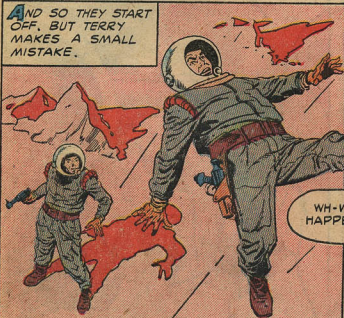
YOU AREN'T
KIDDING. C'MON,
LET'S GET THESE
SPACE SUITS ON
AND GO SEE JUST
HOW DISMAL.



SO WHAT
HAPPENS
NOW, CAPTAIN?



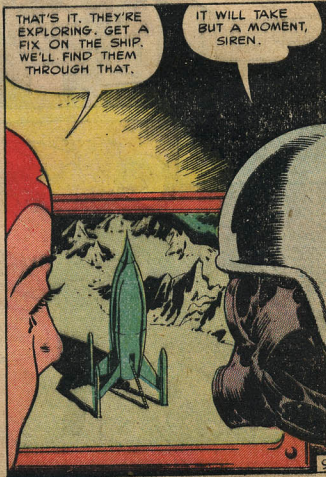
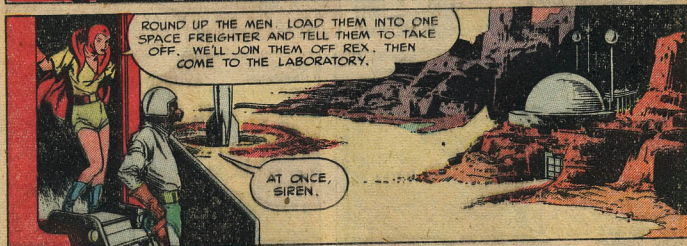
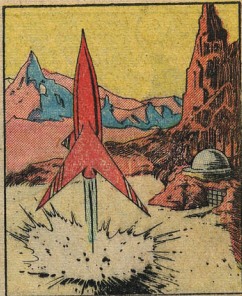
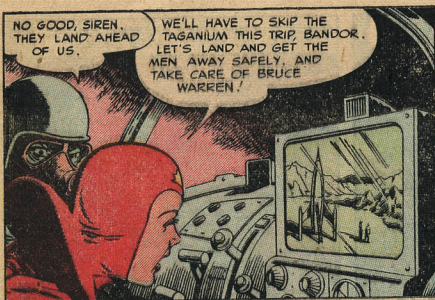
AND SO THEY START
OFF, BUT TERRY
MAKES A SMALL
MISTAKE.

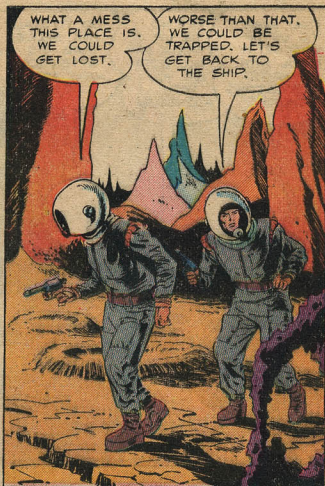


WH-WHAT
HAPPENED?

YOU DOPE. THIS IS A
PLANETOID... THE
GRAVITATIONAL ATTRACTION
IS ALMOST ZERO. SON,
ON REX YOU DON'T
WALK NORMALLY-- YOU
JUST SHUFFLE ALONG.



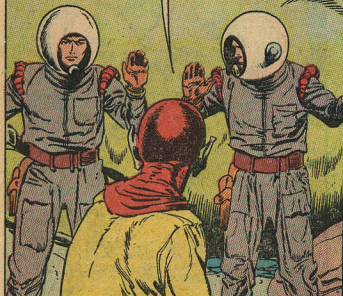




OKAY, KABE,
TIE US UP
AND GET IT
OVER WITH.
MY ARMS
ARE GETTING
TIRED.

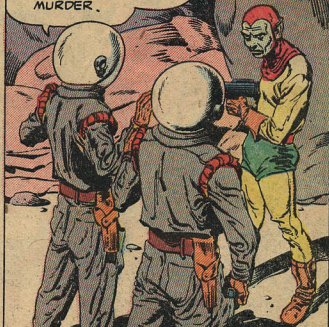
TIE? NO
TIE UP.
TANYA SAY
KILL BOTH
OF YOU
WITH
ATO-RIFLE.

TRY TO STALL
HIM, BRUCE.
TAKE HIS
ATTENTION
AWAY FROM
ME.



LOOK, KABE. WHY SHOOT
US? TANYA ISN'T DOING
YOU ANY FAVOR. WE'LL
SEE THAT YOU GET A
FAIR SHARE OF THE
LOOT. REMEMBER, IF
YOU SHOOT US, THE
INTERPLANETARY POLICE
WILL WANT YOU FOR
MURDER.

KABE LIKE
SIREN. DO
WHAT SHE
SAYS. NOT DO
WHAT YOU SAY.

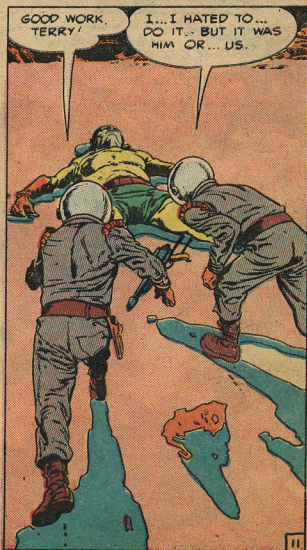


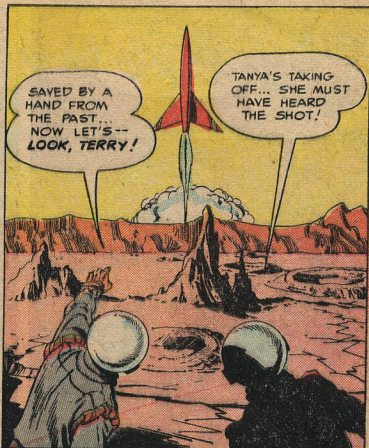
DOWN,
BRUCE!



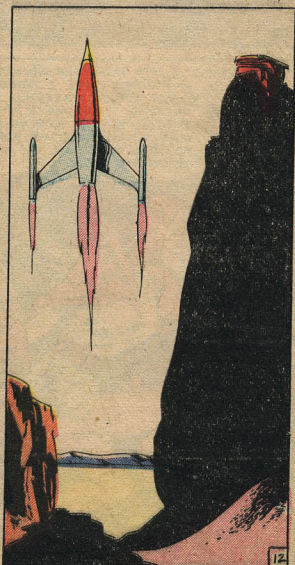
GOOD WORK,
TERRY!

I... I HATED TO...
DO IT... BUT IT WAS
HIM OR... US.





TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE VERY LIGHT GRAVITATIONAL ATTRACTION ON PLANETOID REX, BRUCE AND TERRY RETURN TO THE COMET IN TWENTY FOOT BOUNDS.!





WE'LL NEVER CATCH HER NOW, BRUCE, WITH HALF OF OUR STERN ROCKET TUBE ASSEMBLY SHOT AWAY.

NO... WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE. HEY! SOMEBODY'S CALLING US, HIT THE VISIPHONE.



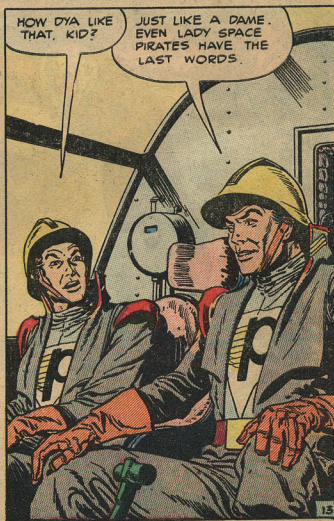
SO, BRUCE WARREN, YOU HAVE THE PROVERBIAL NINE LIVES OF THE CAT, EH?

YEP. YOU MISSED AGAIN, TANYA... AND SO DID WE.



WE'RE COMING AFTER YOU, TANYA.

WITH HALF YOUR ROCKET TUBES OUT? I THINK NOT, BRUCE WARREN. INSTEAD I WILL MAKE A SPECIAL EFFORT TO PLAN A VERY WARM WELCOME FOR YOU THE NEXT TIME WE MEET. GOOD-BYE NOW.



HOW DYA LIKE THAT, KID?

JUST LIKE A DAME. EVEN LADY SPACE PIRATES HAVE THE LAST WORDS.

**"Trust your
Buster Brown
Shoeman for
EXPERT FIT"**



Dear buddies and mothers and dads:

The Buster Brown folks really know how to make shoes that are *shaped* to fit growing feet properly. Buster Brown Shoes are made on "Live-Foot" Lasts, so called, because they actually are shaped like the lively feet of children. That's the first part of the Buster Brown fit story. The second part is that the shoemen at your Buster Brown store are experts in fitting boys and girls in just the right size and width for the greatest comfort and freedom. Take it from me, they'd rather lose a sale than sell a pair of shoes that weren't exactly right.

Sincerely,

Smilin' Ed

Kids! Hurry! Tell Mom
to get your new Easter shoes
now . . . during Buster Brown's big

75th Anniversary

DIAMOND JUBILEE

Easter Parade



Have Mom take you to visit your Buster Brown
shoeman—his name and address are on the front
of this book.

